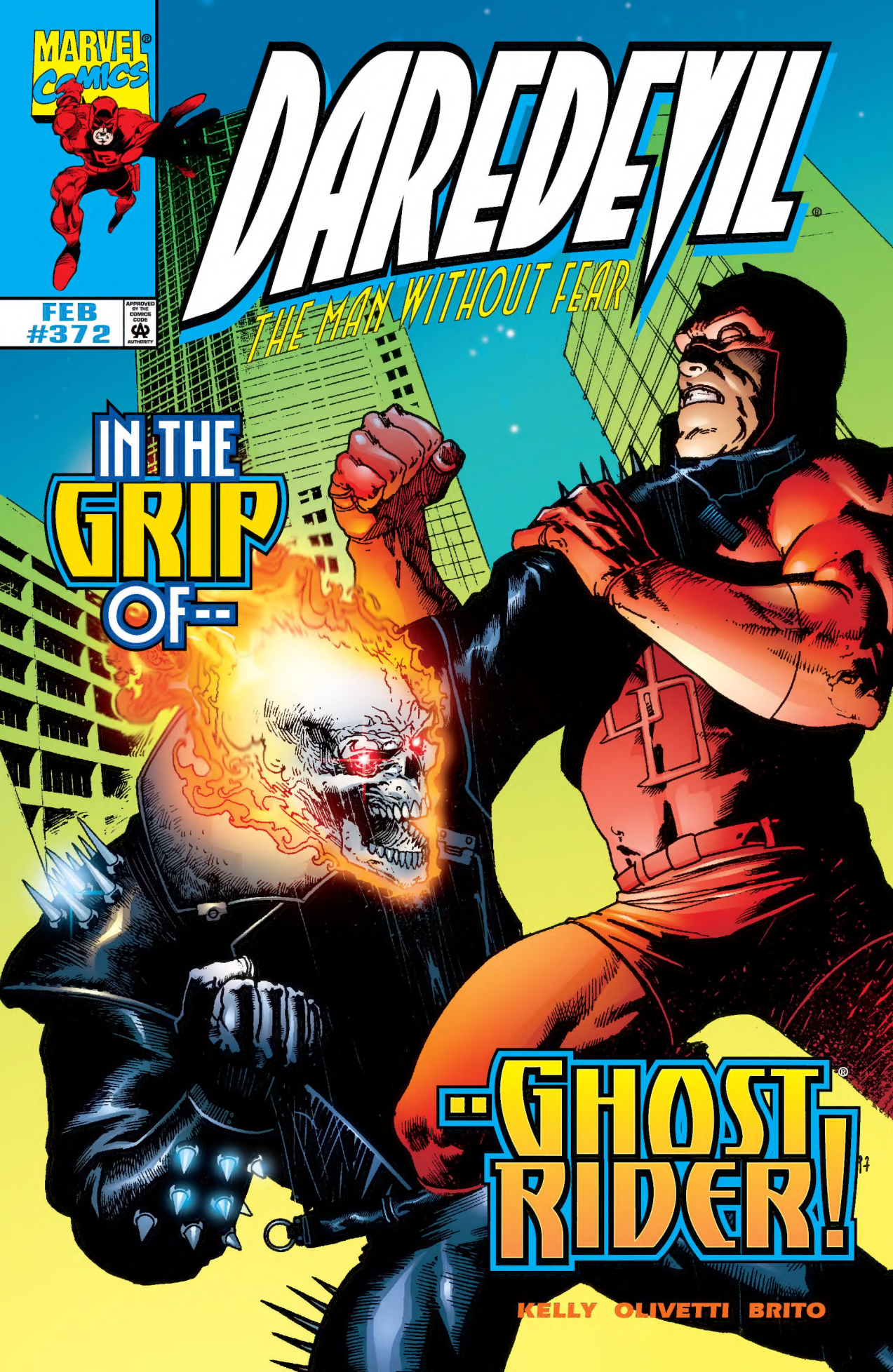
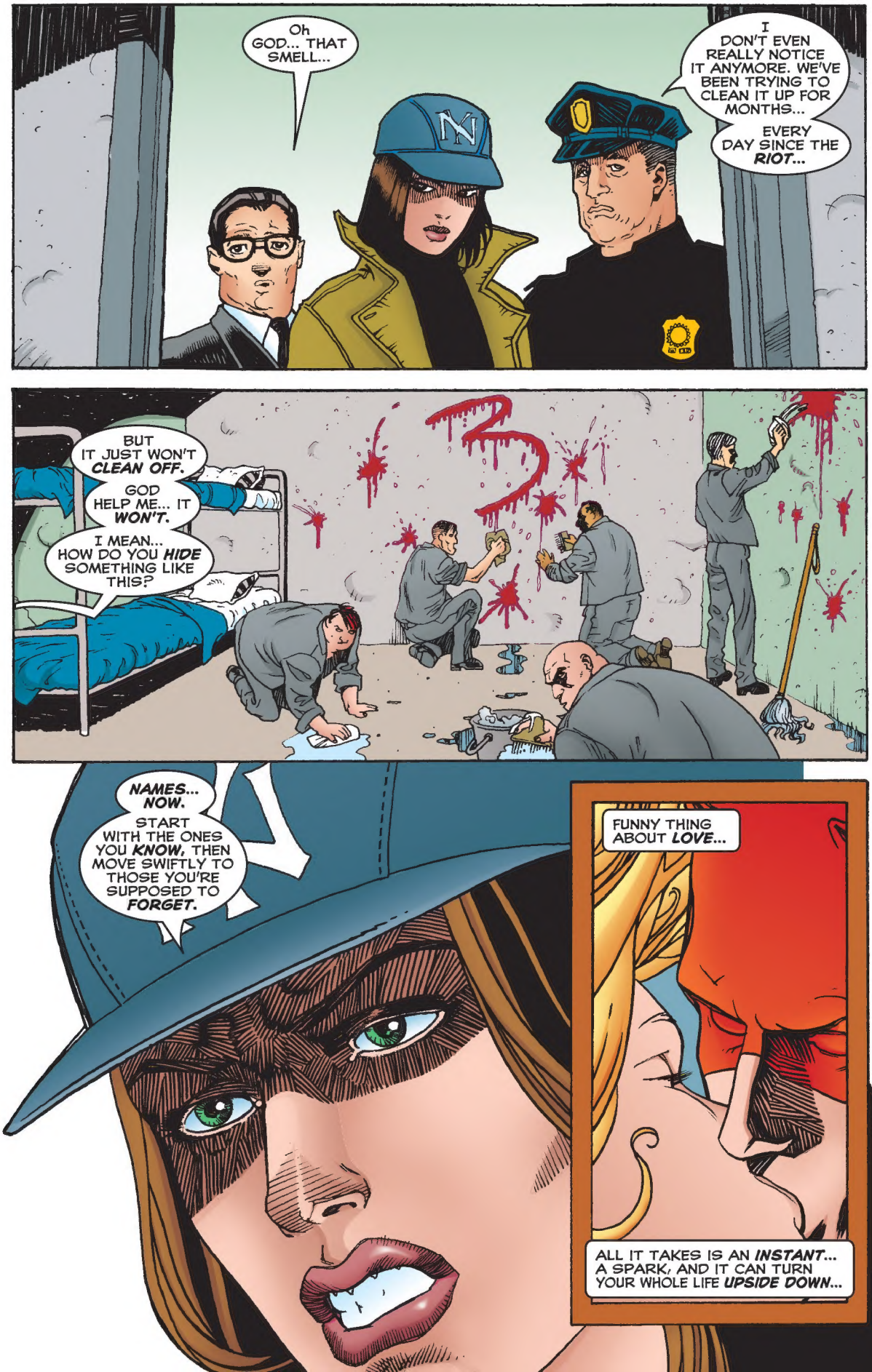

MARVEL COMICS
FEB
#372
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR
IN THE GRIP OF--
--GHOST RIDER!
KELLY OLIVETTI BRITO

DECEMBER, ON RIKER'S ISLAND.
WHERE NO HALLS WILL BE DECKED...
...NO SLEIGH BELLS WILL RING...
...AND NO ONE WILL BE HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.
"WOULD IT REALLY KILL YOU TO TOSS A LITTLE GARLAND AROUND THIS JOINT..?"
LOOK, Ms. MALPHER, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU EVEN MADE IT THIS FAR, BUT YOU AN' YER AIDE GOTTA HOLD IT RIGHT THERE --
MAYBE A WREATH, HUNG HIGH ENOUGH SO THAT NO ONE COULD DO THEMSELVES IN ON IT, OF COURSE...
HEY! I SAID --
I HEARD YOU, OFFICER BRICK, BUT I'M TRYING TO IGNORE YOU SO I DON'T HAVE TO STRIP YOU OF THAT SHIELD YOU'RE HIDING BEHIND.
FINDING YOURSELF IN JAIL WOULDN'T GO OVER WELL WITH THE MISSUS RIGHT BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS, NOW WOULD IT?
I -- Oh MAN... THIS IS BAD, ISN'T IT?
MAYBE. MAYBE NOT. DEPENDS HOW DEEPLY YOU'RE INVOLVED, I SUPPOSE --
LOOK, I... THIS WAS NEVER SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN. NO ONE WAS SUPPOSED TO KNOW.
YEAH, THAT'S USUALLY A MAJOR INGREDIENT TO THE WHOLE COVER-UP THING.
OPEN IT.
I CAN'T... I GOT ORDERS... FOR CRIMINY'S SAKE...
...I GOT KIDS...
I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU HAVE... AND HOW MUCH I CAN TAKE AWAY FROM YOU IF I CHARGE YOU WITH CONSPIRACY, OBSTRUCTING JUSTICE...
...I CAN SLAP YOU WITH SO MUCH LAW YOU'LL THINK YOU GOT SUCKER-PUNCHED BY JUDGE WAPNER.
BUT DO THE RIGHT THING, HELP ME NOW, AND I PROMISE THE KIDS'LL HAVE A GOOSE IN THE OVEN FOR KWAANZA.
...
CRIPES... I GUESS WE COULDN'T HAVE HID THIS FOREVER ANYWAY.
I HOPE YOU DIDN'T EAT LUNCH YET...


Oh GOD... THAT SMELL...
I DON'T EVEN REALLY NOTICE IT ANYMORE. WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO CLEAN IT UP FOR MONTHS...
EVERY DAY SINCE THE *RIOT*...
BUT IT JUST WON'T *CLEAN OFF.*
GOD HELP ME... IT *WON'T.*
I MEAN... HOW DO YOU *HIDE* SOMETHING LIKE THIS?
NAMES... NOW.
START WITH THE ONES YOU *KNOW,* THEN MOVE SWIFTLY TO THOSE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO *FORGET.*
FUNNY THING ABOUT *LOVE*...
ALL IT TAKES IS AN *INSTANT*... A SPARK, AND IT CAN TURN YOUR WHOLE LIFE *UPSIDE DOWN*...

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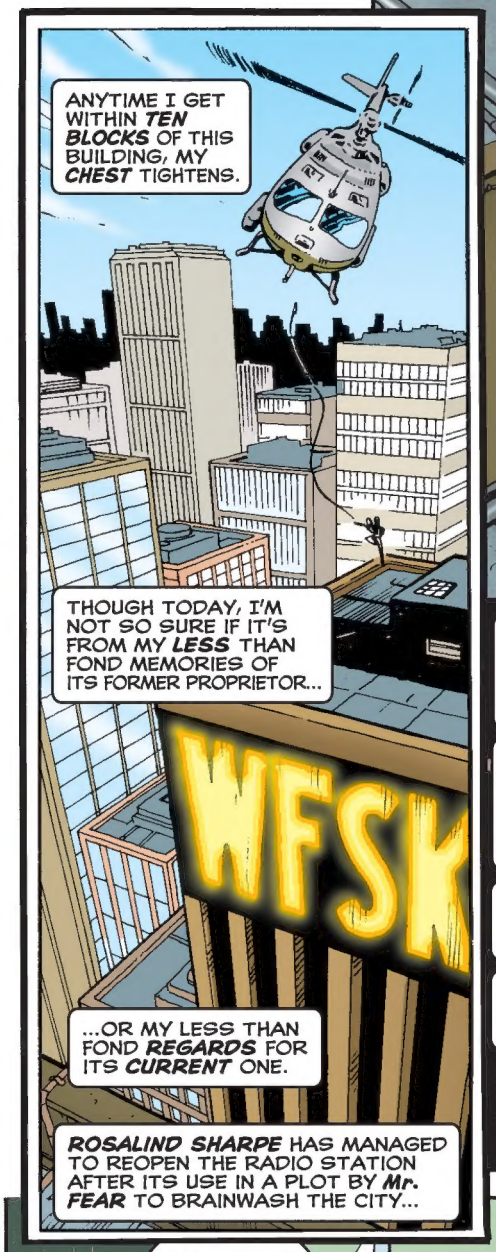
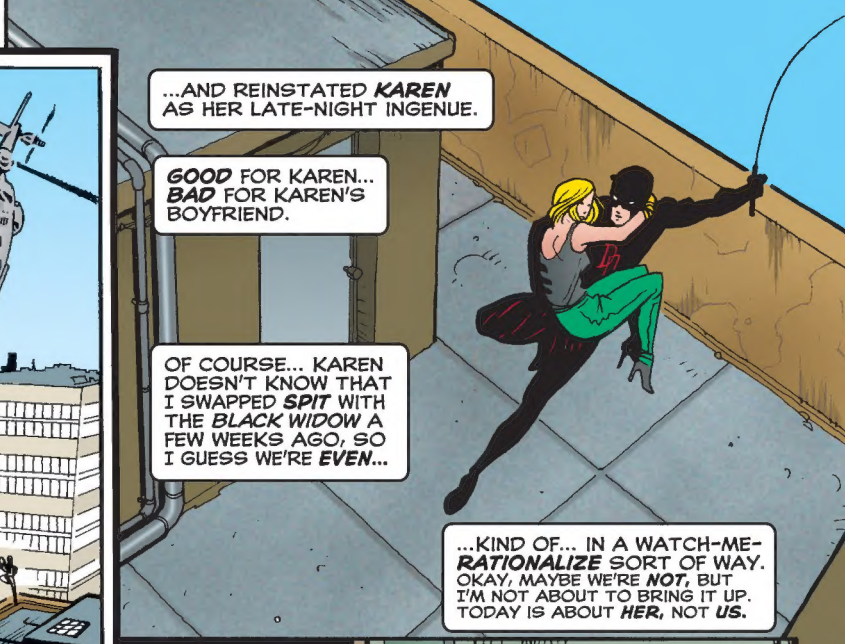
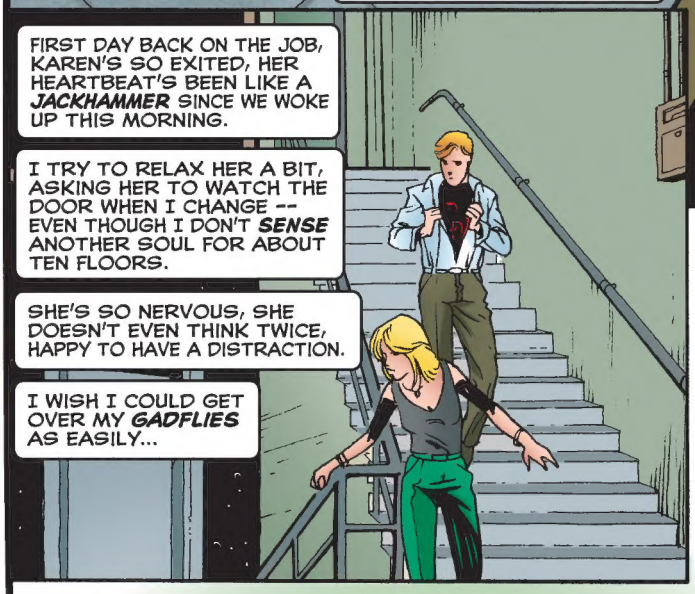
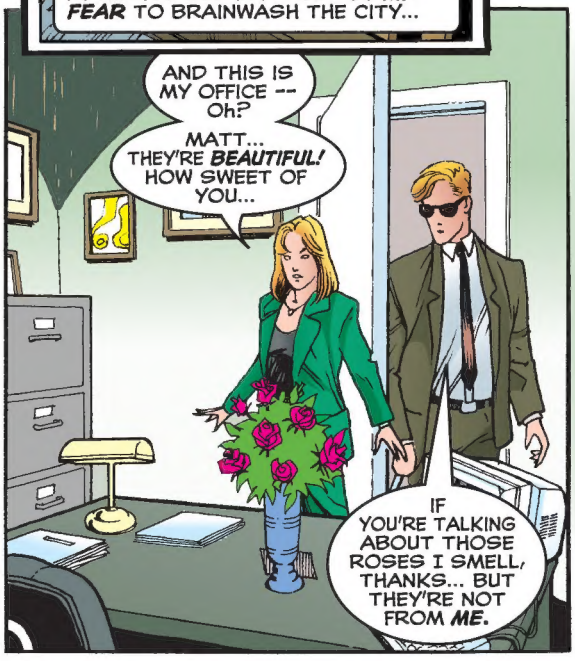
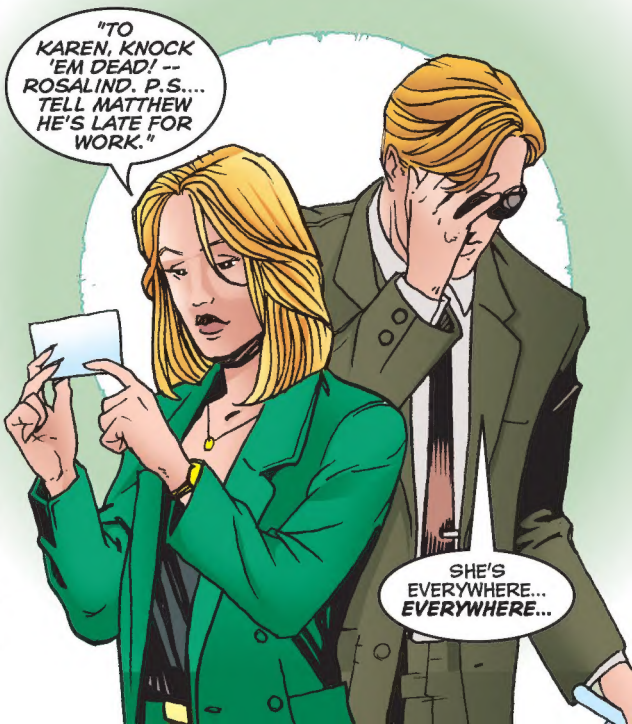
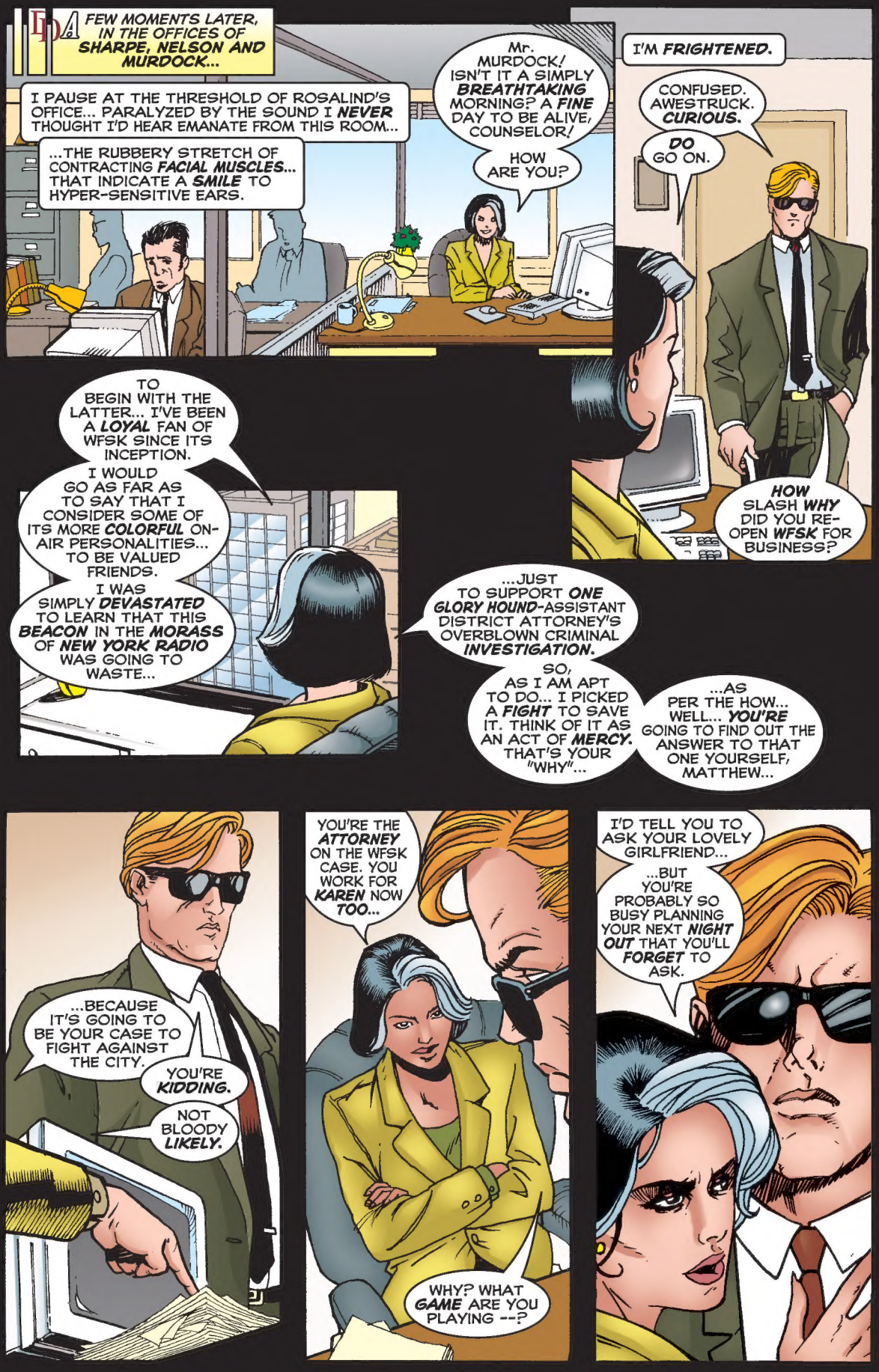

ANYTIME I GET WITHIN TEN BLOCKS OF THIS BUILDING, MY CHEST TIGHTENS.
THOUGH TODAY, I'M NOT SO SURE IF IT'S FROM MY LESS THAN FOND MEMORIES OF ITS FORMER PROPRIETOR...
WFSK
...OR MY LESS THAN FOND REGARDS FOR ITS CURRENT ONE.
ROSALIND SHARPE HAS MANAGED TO REOPEN THE RADIO STATION AFTER ITS USE IN A PLOT BY Mr. FEAR TO BRAINWASH THE CITY...


...AND REINSTATED KAREN AS HER LATE-NIGHT INGENUE.
GOOD FOR KAREN... BAD FOR KAREN'S BOYFRIEND.
OF COURSE... KAREN DOESN'T KNOW THAT I SWAPPED SPIT WITH THE BLACK WIDOW A FEW WEEKS AGO, SO I GUESS WE'RE EVEN...
...KIND OF... IN A WATCH-ME-RATIONALIZE SORT OF WAY. OKAY, MAYBE WE'RE NOT, BUT I'M NOT ABOUT TO BRING IT UP. TODAY IS ABOUT HER, NOT US.

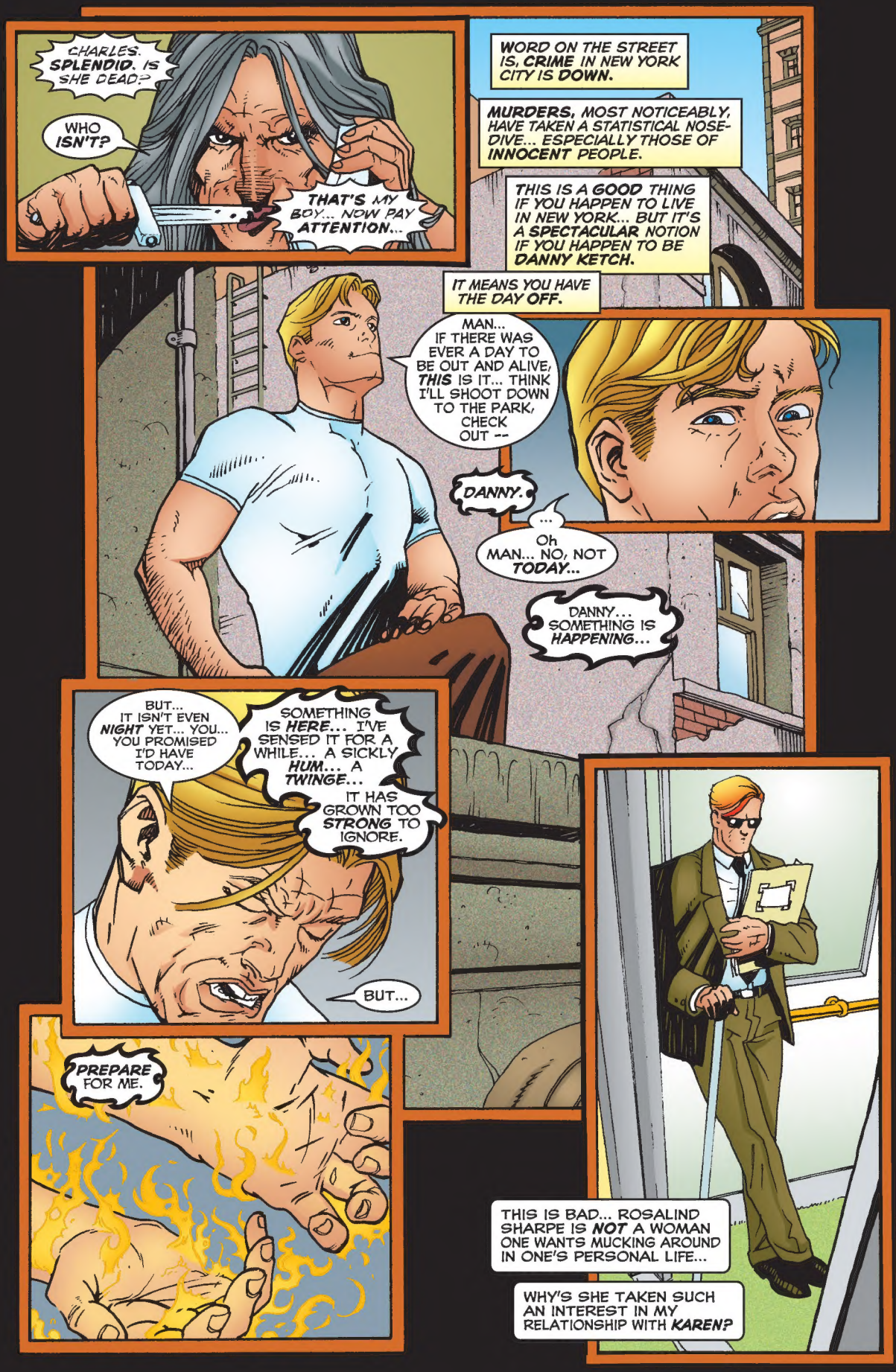

FIRST DAY BACK ON THE JOB, KAREN'S SO EXITED, HER HEARTBEAT'S BEEN LIKE A JACKHAMMER SINCE WE WOKE UP THIS MORNING.
I TRY TO RELAX HER A BIT, ASKING HER TO WATCH THE DOOR WHEN I CHANGE -- EVEN THOUGH I DON'T SENSE ANOTHER SOUL FOR ABOUT TEN FLOORS.
SHE'S SO NERVOUS, SHE DOESN'T EVEN THINK TWICE, HAPPY TO HAVE A DISTRACTION.
I WISH I COULD GET OVER MY GADFLIES AS EASILY...

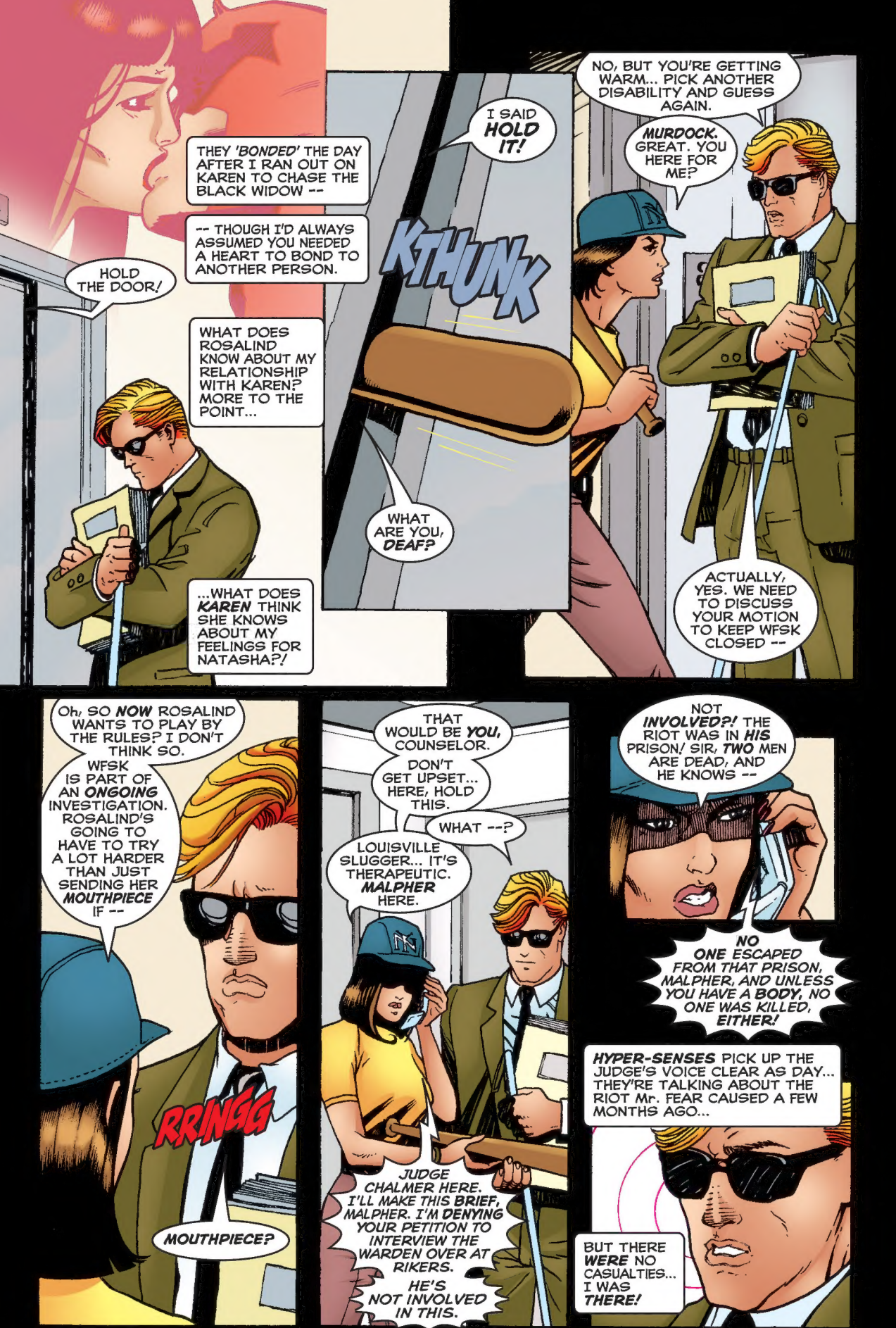

AND THIS IS MY OFFICE -- Oh?
MATT... THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL! HOW SWEET OF YOU...
IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THOSE ROSES I SMELL, THANKS... BUT THEY'RE NOT FROM ME.


"TO KAREN, KNOCK 'EM DEAD! -- ROSALIND. P.S.... TELL MATTHEW HE'S LATE FOR WORK."
SHE'S EVERYWHERE... EVERYWHERE...


A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN THE OFFICES OF SHARPE, NELSON AND MURDOCK...
I PAUSE AT THE THRESHOLD OF ROSALIND'S OFFICE... PARALYZED BY THE SOUND I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HEAR EMANATE FROM THIS ROOM...
...THE RUBBERY STRETCH OF CONTRACTING FACIAL MUSCLES... THAT INDICATE A SMILE TO HYPER-SENSITIVE EARS.
Mr. MURDOCK! ISN'T IT A SIMPLY BREATHTAKING MORNING? A FINE DAY TO BE ALIVE, COUNSELOR!
HOW ARE YOU?
I'M FRIGHTENED.
CONFUSED. AWESTRUCK. CURIOUS.
DO GO ON.
HOW SLASH WHY DID YOU RE-OPEN WFSK FOR BUSINESS?
TO BEGIN WITH THE LATTER... I'VE BEEN A LOYAL FAN OF WFSK SINCE ITS INCEPTION.
I WOULD GO AS FAR AS TO SAY THAT I CONSIDER SOME OF ITS MORE COLORFUL ON-AIR PERSONALITIES... TO BE VALUED FRIENDS.
I WAS SIMPLY DEVASTATED TO LEARN THAT THIS BEACON IN THE MORASS OF NEW YORK RADIO WAS GOING TO WASTE...
...JUST TO SUPPORT ONE GLORY HOUND-ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OVERBLOWN CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION.
SO, AS I AM APT TO DO... I PICKED A FIGHT TO SAVE IT. THINK OF IT AS AN ACT OF MERCY. THAT'S YOUR "WHY"...
...AS PER THE HOW... WELL... YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE YOURSELF, MATTHEW...
...BECAUSE IT'S GOING TO BE YOUR CASE TO FIGHT AGAINST THE CITY.
YOU'RE KIDDING.
NOT BLOODY LIKELY.
YOU'RE THE ATTORNEY ON THE WFSK CASE. YOU WORK FOR KAREN NOW TOO...
WHY? WHAT GAME ARE YOU PLAYING --?
I'D TELL YOU TO ASK YOUR LOVELY GIRLFRIEND...
...BUT YOU'RE PROBABLY SO BUSY PLANNING YOUR NEXT NIGHT OUT THAT YOU'LL FORGET TO ASK.

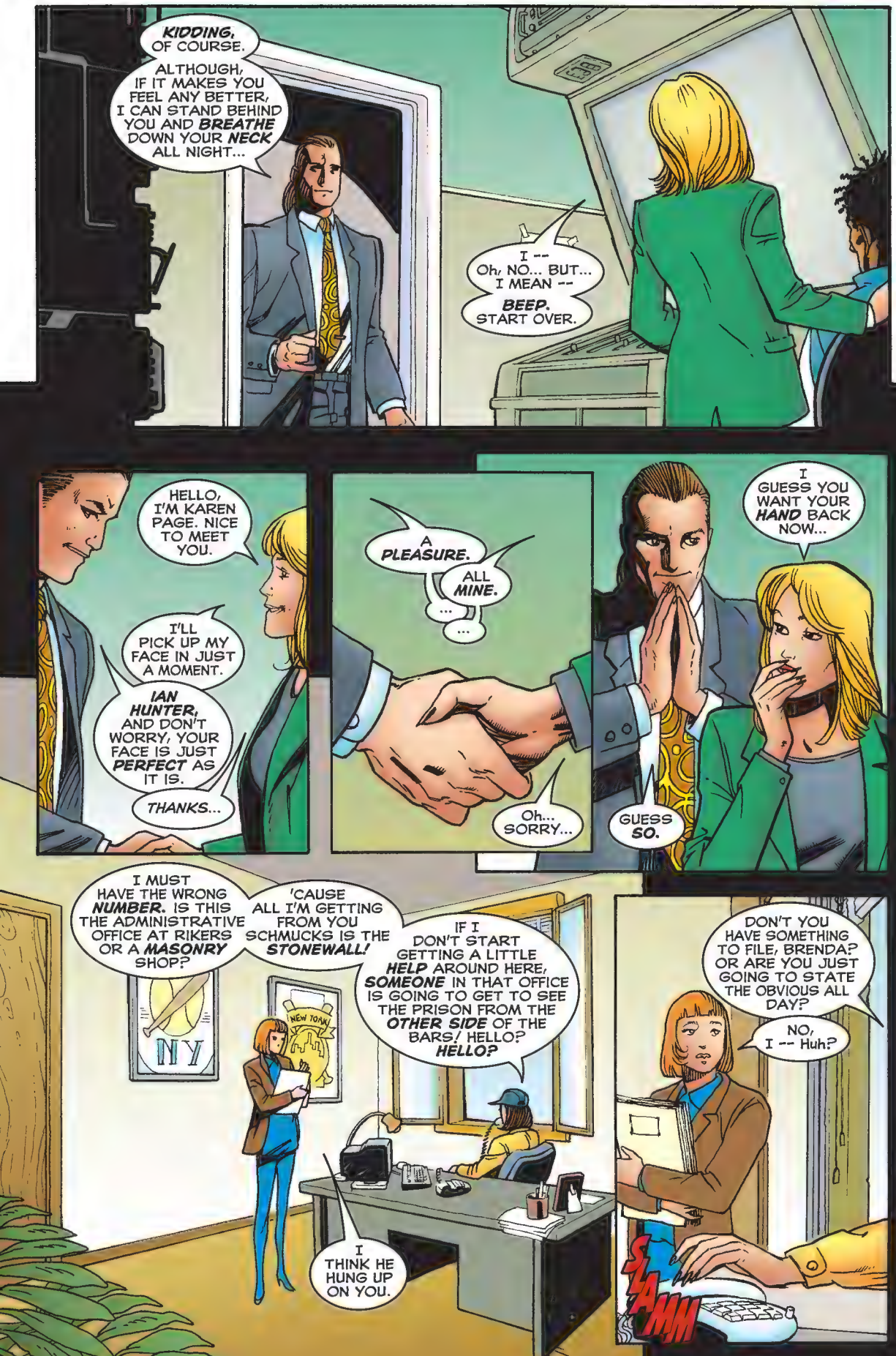
MEANWHILE, MORNING REARS ITS UGLY HEAD IN A SECTION OF THE CITY WHERE THE NIGHT HOLDS SWAY...
...THE VILLAGE.
VILLAGE GIGARS
TONY
PIPES
RELLAS
BOOKS
"...AND I THINK... I THINK THAT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING..."
"...ESPECIALLY NOT ABOUT THE BLOSSOM THAT THROWS ITSELF FROM THE BRANCH...
"...PAST THE WINDOW WITH ITS CHARCOAL SHADES...
"...AND INTO A MUDDY PUDDLE ON THE HAIGHT."
I'M SORRY, I'M NOT USED TO READING MY STUFF TO PEOPLE I'VE JUST MET, MARISSA...
BUT NOW THAT WE'VE SHARED... WHAT WE SHARED...
DID YOU LIKE THAT? I WROTE THAT RIGHT AFTER MY FIRST TIME... YOU KNOW..?
Prodigy
MARISSA..?
SIGH AND THAT'S WHY I DROPPED OUT OF SCHOOL... NO ONE COULD STAY AWAKE THROUGH MY POETRY.
THANK GOD I FOUND ANOTHER CALLING...
DEDEET
SPEAKING OF CALLING...
YESSS?
HOLA, BOSS.


CHARLES. SPLENDID. IS SHE DEAD?
WHO ISN'T?
THAT'S MY BOY... NOW PAY ATTENTION...
WORD ON THE STREET IS, CRIME IN NEW YORK CITY IS DOWN.
MURDERS, MOST NOTICEABLY, HAVE TAKEN A STATISTICAL NOSE-DIVE... ESPECIALLY THOSE OF INNOCENT PEOPLE.
THIS IS A GOOD THING IF YOU HAPPEN TO LIVE IN NEW YORK... BUT IT'S A SPECTACULAR NOTION IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE DANNY KETCH.
IT MEANS YOU HAVE THE DAY OFF.
MAN... IF THERE WAS EVER A DAY TO BE OUT AND ALIVE, THIS IS IT... THINK I'LL SHOOT DOWN TO THE PARK, CHECK OUT --
DANNY.
...
Oh MAN... NO, NOT TODAY...
DANNY... SOMETHING IS HAPPENING...
BUT... IT ISN'T EVEN NIGHT YET... YOU... YOU PROMISED I'D HAVE TODAY...
SOMETHING IS HERE... I'VE SENSED IT FOR A WHILE... A SICKLY HUM... A TWINGE... IT HAS GROWN TOO STRONG TO IGNORE.
BUT...
PREPARE FOR ME.
THIS IS BAD... ROSALIND SHARPE IS NOT A WOMAN ONE WANTS MUCKING AROUND IN ONE'S PERSONAL LIFE...
WHY'S SHE TAKEN SUCH AN INTEREST IN MY RELATIONSHIP WITH KAREN?


THEY 'BONDED' THE DAY AFTER I RAN OUT ON KAREN TO CHASE THE BLACK WIDOW --
-- THOUGH I'D ALWAYS ASSUMED YOU NEEDED A HEART TO BOND TO ANOTHER PERSON.
HOLD THE DOOR!
WHAT DOES ROSALIND KNOW ABOUT MY RELATIONSHIP WITH KAREN? MORE TO THE POINT...
...WHAT DOES KAREN THINK SHE KNOWS ABOUT MY FEELINGS FOR NATASHA?!
I SAID HOLD IT!
KTHUNK
WHAT ARE YOU, DEAF?
NO, BUT YOU'RE GETTING WARM... PICK ANOTHER DISABILITY AND GUESS AGAIN.
MURDOCK. GREAT. YOU HERE FOR ME?
ACTUALLY, YES. WE NEED TO DISCUSS YOUR MOTION TO KEEP WFSK CLOSED --
Oh, SO NOW ROSALIND WANTS TO PLAY BY THE RULES? I DON'T THINK SO.
WFSK IS PART OF AN ONGOING INVESTIGATION. ROSALIND'S GOING TO HAVE TO TRY A LOT HARDER THAN JUST SENDING HER MOUTHPIECE IF --
RRINGG
MOUTHPIECE?
THAT WOULD BE YOU, COUNSELOR.
DON'T GET UPSET... HERE, HOLD THIS.
WHAT --?
LOUISVILLE SLUGGER... IT'S THERAPEUTIC. MALPHER HERE.
JUDGE CHALMER HERE. I'LL MAKE THIS BRIEF, MALPHER. I'M DENYING YOUR PETITION TO INTERVIEW THE WARDEN OVER AT RIKERS.
HE'S NOT INVOLVED IN THIS.
NOT INVOLVED?! THE RIOT WAS IN HIS PRISON, SIR, TWO MEN ARE DEAD, AND HE KNOWS --
NO ONE ESCAPED FROM THAT PRISON, MALPHER, AND UNLESS YOU HAVE A BODY, NO ONE WAS KILLED, EITHER!
HYPER-SENSES PICK UP THE JUDGE'S VOICE CLEAR AS DAY... THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THE RIOT Mr. FEAR CAUSED A FEW MONTHS AGO...
BUT THERE WERE NO CASUALTIES... I WAS THERE!

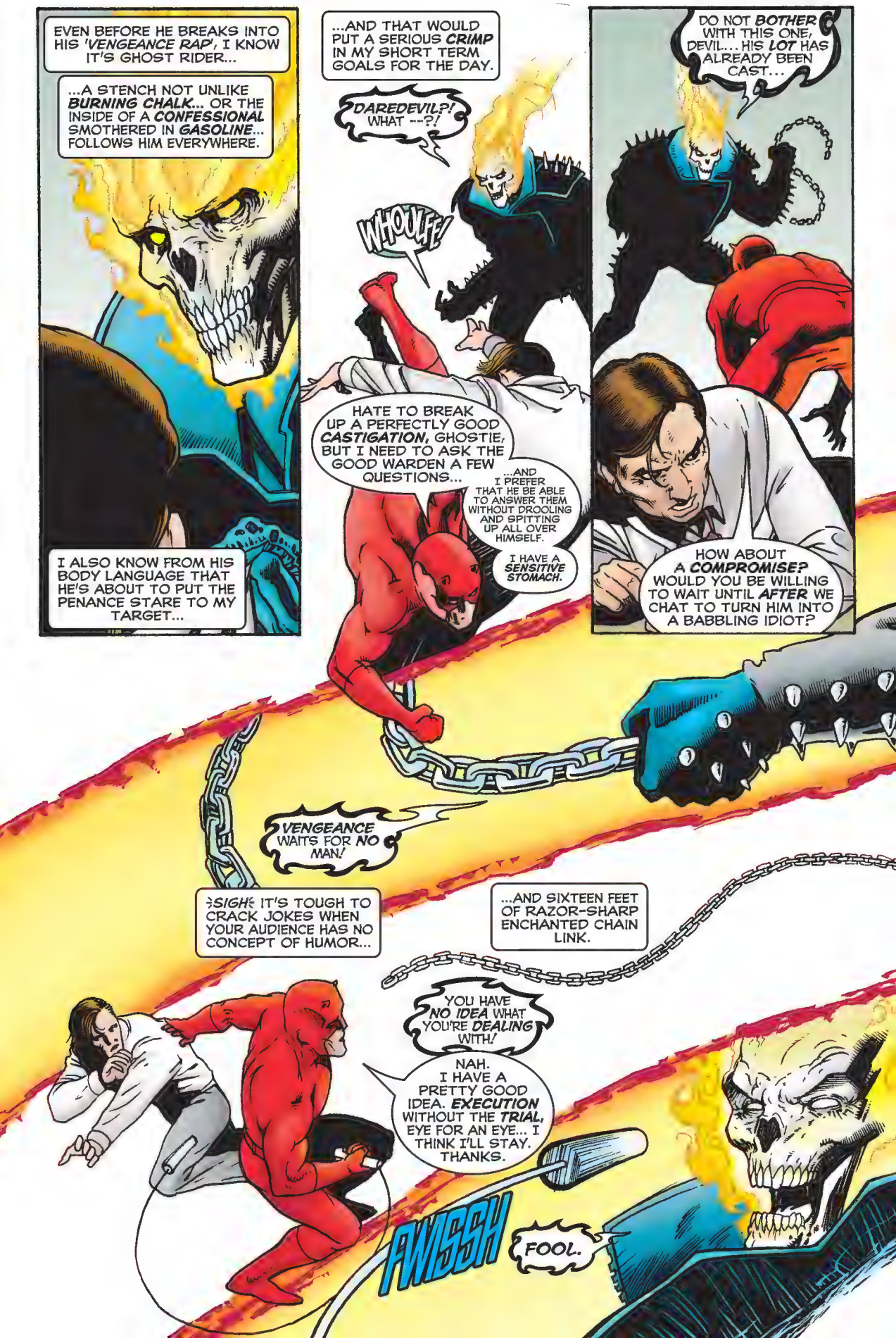
SIR, I SAW THE BLOOD MYSELF --
DON'T WASTE ANY MORE OF MY TIME WITH THIS, KATHY. DROP IT...
...I'D HATE TO HAVE TO REASSESS YOUR POSITION WITH THE CITY.
KLIK
EXCUSE ME, COUNSELOR... MAY I?
BAD NEWS?
NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE.
SKRAKK
SEE, I TOLD YOU IT WAS THERAPEUTIC.
MALPHER'S PULSE RATE IS RUNNING FULL TILT! SHE'S CONVINCED THAT SOMETHING HAPPENED DOWN AT RIKERS THAT WENT BEYOND THE RIOT...
COULD THIS REALLY BE A COVER-UP, OR IS KATHY DIGGING FOR HEADLINES LIKE ROSALIND SAYS?
IF THERE'S EVEN A CHANCE THIS IS RELATED TO Mr. FEAR, THERE'S NO WAY I CAN AFFORD NOT TO GET INVOLVED.
LOOKS LIKE THE ADA JUST GOT A NEW ADDITION TO HER INVESTIGATIVE TEAM...
THERE, I DID IT. IS THAT WHAT YOU WANTED?

WELL?
YOU CAN AT LEAST SAY SOMETHING! I --
PLEASE...
JUDGE CHA
YOU DID FINE, YOUR HONOR... BUT THE REAL LIFE OR DEATH QUESTION IS...
...DO I LOOK FAT IN THIS?
COME ON... YOU CAN TELL ME.
ALMER
PAIGE ANGEL?
YES... I MEAN, NO... KAREN PAGE. PAIGE ANGEL IS MY PSEUDONYM.
HEY, YOU CAN CALL YOURSELF BIGFOOT IF YOU WANT, SO LONG AS YOU DO IT ON CUE!
PATRICK HINDS. I'M YOUR NEW ENGINEER. WELCOME TO YOUR COMEBACK.
WFSK
GOSH, IS IT REALLY A COMEBACK? THANKS... YOU'VE OFFICIALLY MADE ME MORE NERVOUS THAN I WAS THIS MORNING.
DON'T WORRY, KAREN. I'VE HEARD YOUR SHOW... YOU'VE GOT IT LOCKED DOWN.
AND ON THE OFF CHANCE A LITTLE SQUEAK SNEAKS INTO THAT SILKY VOICE OF YOURS...
...A TWIST OF A KNOB, FLIP OF A SWITCH, AND I GUARANTEE THAT THE ANGEL GETS HER WINGS BACK.
UNLESS THEY GET CLIPPED BY THE PRODUCER THE SECOND WE GET CONTROVERSIAL, RIGHT?
Oh, I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, EITHER.
WHY NOT?
BECAUSE I'M TOO BUSY PULLING THE WINGS OFF OF FLIES AND KICKING PUPPIES TO CENSOR MY EMPLOYEES.
Oh...

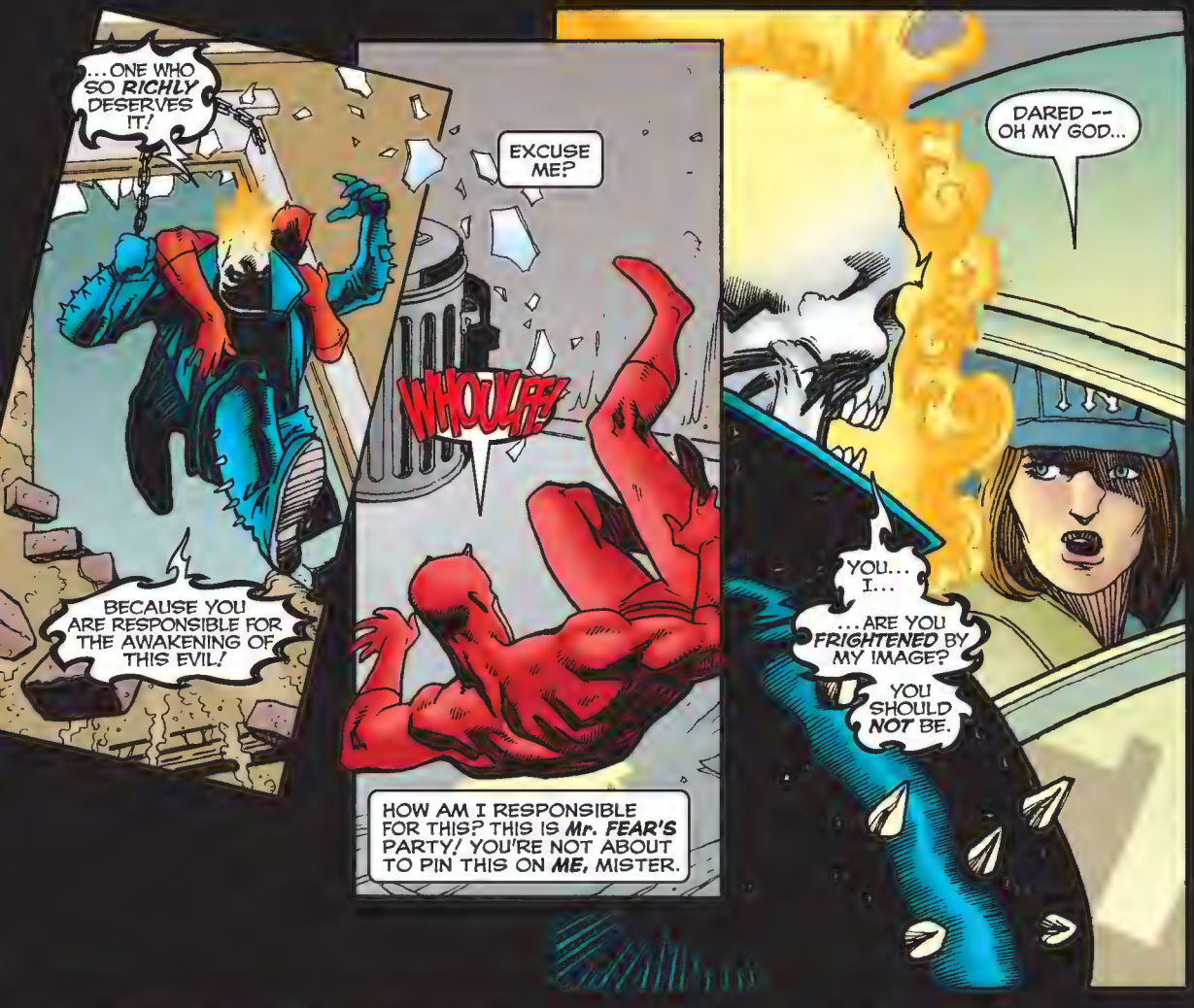

KIDDING, OF COURSE.
ALTHOUGH, IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, I CAN STAND BEHIND YOU AND BREATHE DOWN YOUR NECK ALL NIGHT...
I -- Oh, NO... BUT... I MEAN --
BEEP. START OVER.
HELLO, I'M KAREN PAGE. NICE TO MEET YOU.
I'LL PICK UP MY FACE IN JUST A MOMENT.
IAN HUNTER, AND DON'T WORRY, YOUR FACE IS JUST PERFECT AS IT IS.
THANKS...
A PLEASURE.
ALL MINE.
...
...
Oh... SORRY...
I GUESS YOU WANT YOUR HAND BACK NOW...
GUESS SO.
I MUST HAVE THE WRONG NUMBER. IS THIS THE ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICE AT RIKERS OR A MASONRY SHOP?
'CAUSE ALL I'M GETTING FROM YOU SCHMUCKS IS THE STONEWALL!
IF I DON'T START GETTING A LITTLE HELP AROUND HERE, SOMEONE IN THAT OFFICE IS GOING TO GET TO SEE THE PRISON FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BARS! HELLO? HELLO?
NY
NEW YORK
I THINK HE HUNG UP ON YOU.
DON'T YOU HAVE SOMETHING TO FILE, BRENDA? OR ARE YOU JUST GOING TO STATE THE OBVIOUS ALL DAY?
NO, I -- Huh?
SLAMM

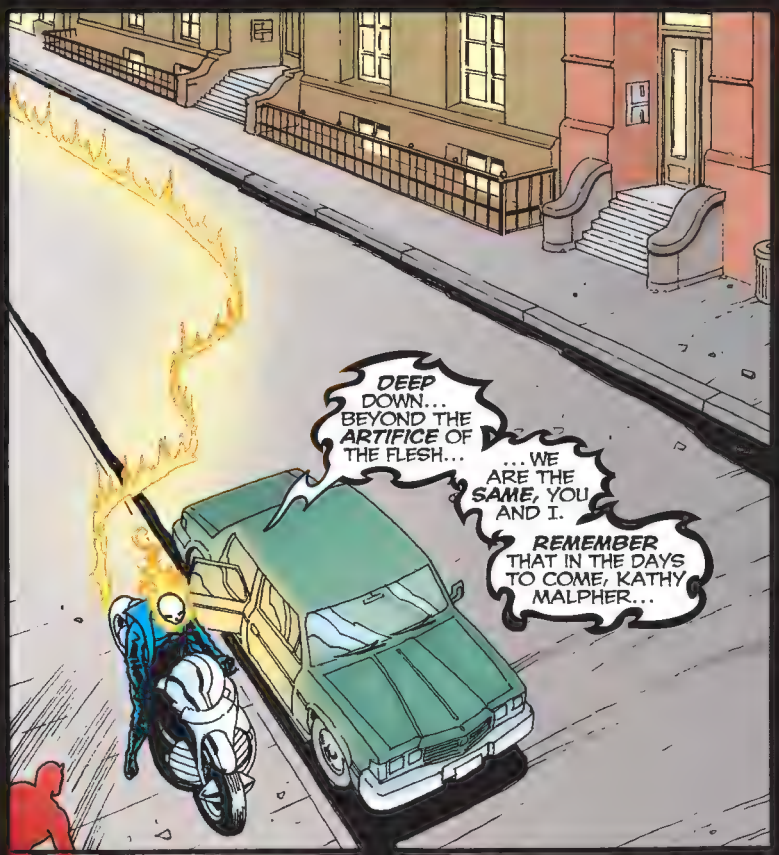
EEK!
'EEK'? THAT'S IT? JUST AN 'EEK'?
'EEK' IS FOR LITTLE CRITTERS... MICE AND ROACHES...
...AND PERHAPS FOR SPIDEY IF HE CATCHES YOU IN THE SHOWER, BUT COME ON...
...I HAVE HORNS. I'M SCARY. I AT LEAST RANK AN "OHMY-GAWD."
OHMYGAWD OHMYGAWD OHMYGAWD OHMYGAWD OHMYGAWD
THANKS... THAT'S THE THIRD CLERK THIS WEEK WHO LEFT MY OFFICE SCREAMING.
TRY SOME SENSITIVITY TRAINING. IT WORKED WONDERS FOR ME.
SO, A LITTLE BIRD TELLS ME THAT YOU'VE GOT A BREAK IN THE Mr. FEAR CASE.
YOUR BIRD IS WRONG. ALL I HAVE ARE A LOT OF TIGHT LIPS AND TWO MISSING CORPSES. I WOULDN'T CALL THAT A BREAK.
WE'LL SEE. TELL ME WHAT YOU DO KNOW.
WHEN Mr. FEAR INCITED THE RIOT AT RIKERS, SUPPOSEDLY NO ONE WAS SERIOUSLY INJURED.
PERSONNEL RECORDS AND PRISONER MANIFESTS SHOW THAT EVERYONE IS ALIVE AND ACCOUNTED FOR.
THEN I GET AN ANONYMOUS TIP THAT THE RIOT WAS A COVER TO BREAK OUT A PRISONER WHO DOESN'T EXIST ON ANY RECORD.
WHAT?! I WAS THERE! THERE WAS NO -- WHO?!
I DON'T KNOW. ALL I'VE GOT ARE RUMORS, AND ONE ESPECIALLY MESSY CELL IN A FORGOTTEN CORNER OF RIKERS, COVERED IN BLOOD. NO BODIES.
BLOOD? THE RIOT WAS WEEKS AGO.
YEAH, NO DUH. THIS WHOLE THING IS WEIRD. LINGERING BLOOD, NO BODIES, MYSTERY PRISONERS... AND ZERO COOPERATION FROM NYC OFFICIALS.
SO YOU THINK THAT FEAR ARRANGED THE RIOT TO SPRING RIKER'S MYSTERY GUEST, AND THAT CITY OFFICIALS ARE IN ON IT?
THAT'S WHAT I THINK.
IF IT IS THAT BAD... IF FEAR HAS THE CITY IN HIS POCKET, ARE YOU REALLY WILLING TO GO THE DISTANCE...
...EVEN IF IT MEANS YOUR CAREER... YOUR LIFE?
HEY, IF NOT ME... THEN WHO, RIGHT?
THIS IS AN UGLY ONE, HORNHEAD...
I COULD USE AN EDGE...
YOU'VE GOT ONE. WHERE DO WE START?
THE WARDEN.

AFTER ONE BILLY-CLUB JUNKET UPTOWN...
SO... PLAN 'A': INTERCEPT OUR FRIENDLY CORRUPT WARDEN AT HOME, ENGAGE HIM IN A PLEASANT CHAT ABOUT MISSING PRISONERS, DEAD GUARDS AND Mr. FEAR...
...WHILE HANGING HIM UPSIDE DOWN FROM THE ROOF BY HIS ANKLES.
THE INTERROGATION OF THE UNETHICAL... IT'S A GOOD THING.
AIGHH!
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE BEAT ME TO HIM. MAYBE FEAR IS GETTING ANTSY, TYING UP LOOSE ENDS...
...SO, OVER TO PLAN 'B'...
...IMPROVISATION.
KISSHH
I ASSESS EVERYTHING IN THE ROOM THROUGH MY HYPER-SENSES BEFORE THE GLASS TINKLES TO THE FLOOR...
...HELLO? NOW THIS IS AN UNEXPECTED GLITCH.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE DONE, SINNER?
HAVE YOU ANY CONCEPT OF WHAT YOU HAVE UNLEASHED?
OH, GOD, HELP!
YOUR GOD CANNOT SAVE YOU NOW... YOU ARE AT THE MERCY OF... GHOST RIDER!

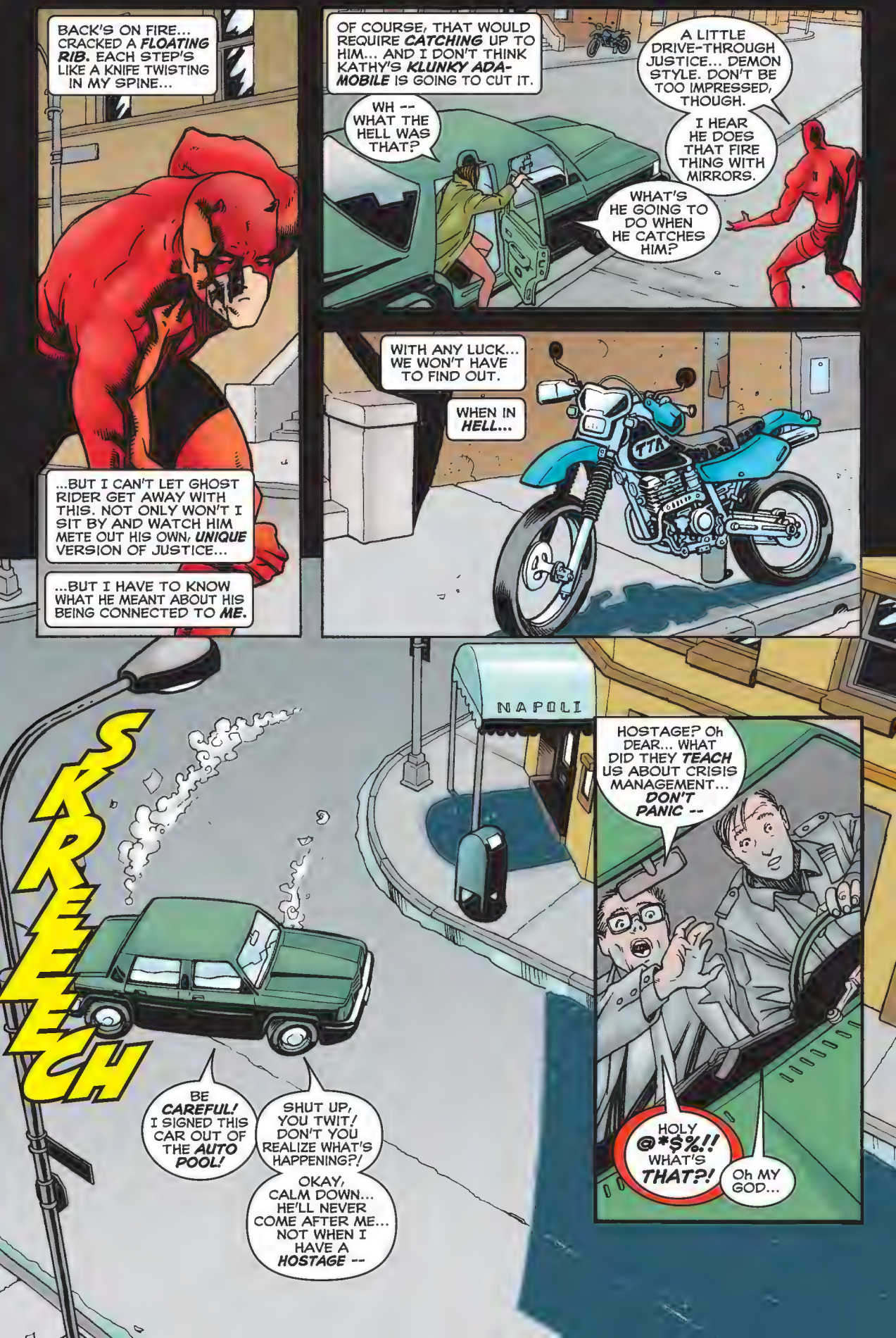

EVEN BEFORE HE BREAKS INTO HIS 'VENGEANCE RAP', I KNOW IT'S GHOST RIDER...
...A STENCH NOT UNLIKE BURNING CHALK... OR THE INSIDE OF A CONFESSIONAL SMOTHERED IN GASOLINE... FOLLOWS HIM EVERYWHERE.
I ALSO KNOW FROM HIS BODY LANGUAGE THAT HE'S ABOUT TO PUT THE PENANCE STARE TO MY TARGET...
...AND THAT WOULD PUT A SERIOUS CRIMP IN MY SHORT TERM GOALS FOR THE DAY.
DAREDEVIL?! WHAT --?!
WHOOLFE!
HATE TO BREAK UP A PERFECTLY GOOD CASTIGATION, GHOSTIE, BUT I NEED TO ASK THE GOOD WARDEN A FEW QUESTIONS...
...AND I PREFER THAT HE BE ABLE TO ANSWER THEM WITHOUT DROOLING AND SPITTING UP ALL OVER HIMSELF.
I HAVE A SENSITIVE STOMACH.
DO NOT BOTHER WITH THIS ONE, DEVIL... HIS LOT HAS ALREADY BEEN CAST...
HOW ABOUT A COMPROMISE? WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO WAIT UNTIL AFTER WE CHAT TO TURN HIM INTO A BABBLING IDIOT?
VENGEANCE WAITS FOR NO MAN!
SIGH IT'S TOUGH TO CRACK JOKES WHEN YOUR AUDIENCE HAS NO CONCEPT OF HUMOR...
...AND SIXTEEN FEET OF RAZOR-SHARP ENCHANTED CHAIN LINK.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE DEALING WITH!
NAH. I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA. EXECUTION WITHOUT THE TRIAL, EYE FOR AN EYE... I THINK I'LL STAY. THANKS.
FWISSH
FOOL.

YOU ARE MAKING A GRAVE MISTAKE.
FWAT
SOUNDS LIKE DD'S IN TROUBLE... BETTER CALL FOR BACKUP... WHERE'S THE CELL --
Ms. MALPHER, REALLY, MAYBE YOU SHOULD COME OVER TO MY CAR, IT'S DOWN THE STREET... WHERE IT'S SAFE --
HE'S COMING! HE'S --
YOU! GET ME OUT OF HERE!
WHOULF!
ME?
LOOK, }NNGHH{ RIDER, I'M SURE THAT WE CAN SIT DOWN AND TALK THIS OUT... MAYBE OVER }UNGH{ A DRINK?
YOU TAKE MILK, RIGHT?
YOU ARE TRYING MY PATIENCE, DAREDEVIL! NOTHING MUST STAND IN THE WAY OF VENGEANCE...
ESPECIALLY NOT TODAY!
SCREECH
ALL RIGHT, LOOK, HE'S GETTING AWAY NOW, SEE? IS THAT BETTER THAN US WORKING TOGETHER TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE?
I FOR ONE DON'T THINK SO --
ENOUGH! LEAVE ME TO MY DARK WORK, DEVIL. LEST THE EYE OF VENGEANCE FALL ON YOU...


...ONE WHO SO RICHLY DESERVES IT!
BECAUSE YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE AWAKENING OF THIS EVIL!
EXCUSE ME?
WHOOUFF!
HOW AM I RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS? THIS IS Mr. FEAR'S PARTY! YOU'RE NOT ABOUT TO PIN THIS ON ME, MISTER.
DARED -- OH MY GOD...
YOU... I...
...ARE YOU FRIGHTENED BY MY IMAGE?
YOU SHOULD NOT BE.


DEEP DOWN... BEYOND THE ARTIFICE OF THE FLESH...
...WE ARE THE SAME, YOU AND I.
REMEMBER THAT IN THE DAYS TO COME, KATHY MALPHER...

...THE SAME.
VROOOM

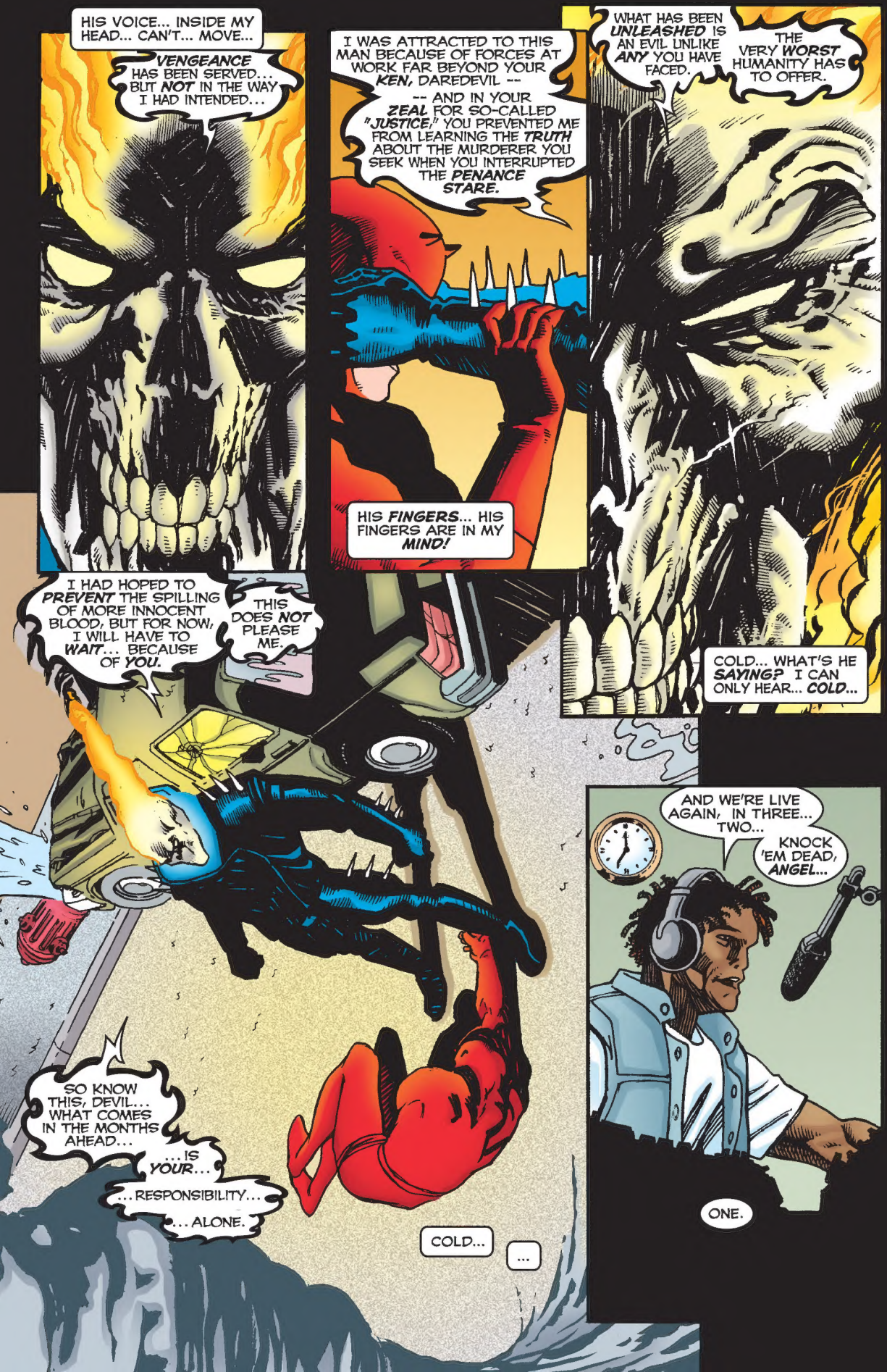

BACK'S ON FIRE... CRACKED A FLOATING RIB. EACH STEP'S LIKE A KNIFE TWISTING IN MY SPINE...
...BUT I CAN'T LET GHOST RIDER GET AWAY WITH THIS. NOT ONLY WON'T I SIT BY AND WATCH HIM METE OUT HIS OWN, UNIQUE VERSION OF JUSTICE...
...BUT I HAVE TO KNOW WHAT HE MEANT ABOUT HIS BEING CONNECTED TO ME.
OF COURSE, THAT WOULD REQUIRE CATCHING UP TO HIM... AND I DON'T THINK KATHY'S KLUNKY ADA-MOBILE IS GOING TO CUT IT.
WH -- WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?
A LITTLE DRIVE-THROUGH JUSTICE... DEMON STYLE. DON'T BE TOO IMPRESSED, THOUGH.
I HEAR HE DOES THAT FIRE THING WITH MIRRORS.
WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO WHEN HE CATCHES HIM?
WITH ANY LUCK... WE WON'T HAVE TO FIND OUT.
WHEN IN HELL...
SKREEECH
BE CAREFUL! I SIGNED THIS CAR OUT OF THE AUTO POOL!
SHUT UP, YOU TWIT! DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT'S HAPPENING?!
OKAY, CALM DOWN... HE'LL NEVER COME AFTER ME... NOT WHEN I HAVE A HOSTAGE --
NAPOLI
HOSTAGE? Oh DEAR... WHAT DID THEY TEACH US ABOUT CRISIS MANAGEMENT... DON'T PANIC --
HOLY @*$%!! WHAT'S THAT?!
Oh MY GOD...

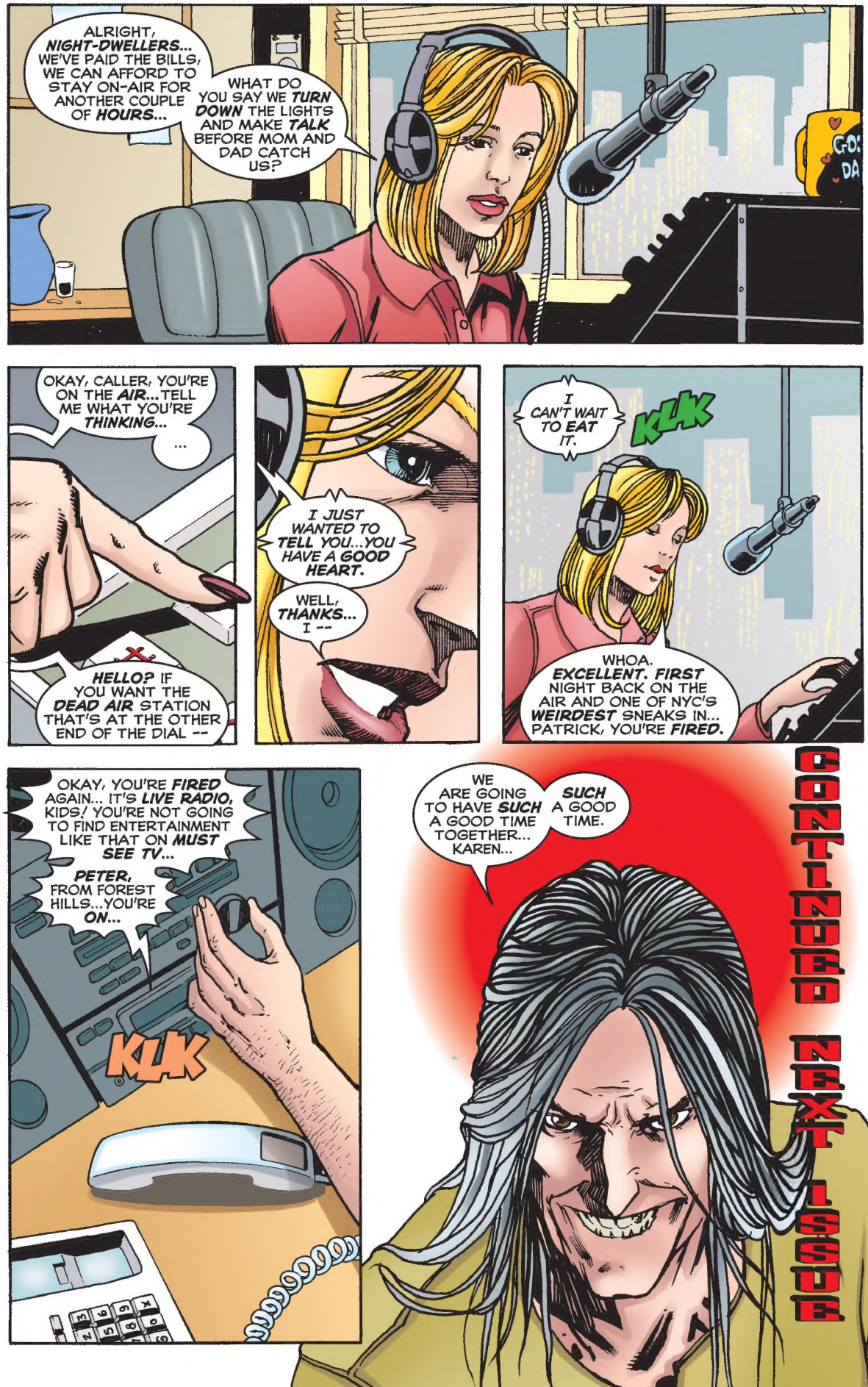
I KNOW YOU, SINNER! I HAVE VISITED YOUR PRISON! I HAVE SMELLED YOUR DISEASE!
I KNOW THAT YOU HAVE DESECRATED ITS HALLS WITH THAT WHICH DOES NOT BELONG!
NOT ONLY HAVE YOU VIOLATED THE TWO MEN SLAUGHTERED AT THE PRISON... BUT ALL OF HUMANITY! FOR THAT...
...PENANCE WILL BE PAID!
SLIP
SMASH
NO... WE DIDN'T KNOW... NEVER EXPECTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS...
Oh...
HAIL MARY, MOTHER OF GOD...

THIS SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME...
BUT IT'S TAKING EVERY OUNCE OF CONCENTRATION TO CUT THROUGH THE SHRIEK OF THE BIKE'S ENGINE AND MAKE USE OF MY RADAR SENSE.
FIVE MORE MINUTES OF THIS, AND I'M JUST GOING TO BE ANOTHER BLIND MAN DRIVING A MOTORCYCLE AT HIGH SPEEDS THROUGH MANHATTAN.
THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR SHOWBOATING.
SO MUCH OF THIS STILL DOESN'T RING CLEAR TO ME. GHOSTIE ONLY GETS INVOLVED WHEN INNOCENT BLOOD HAS BEEN SPILLED...
BUT IF THE MURDERS IN QUESTION TOOK PLACE WEEKS AGO, WHY APPEAR NOW?
IS THIS PART OF Mr. FEAR'S OVERALL PLAN?
NO TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT NOW. THE BONEHEAD BIKER HAS TRAPPED THE WARDEN...
HOW CAN I KEEP GHOSTIE FROM MIND-WIPING HIM..?
Oh, THIS IS GONNA HURT...
VROOOM

I RECOGNIZE THE STAIN ON YOU... SOMETHING ANCIENT... DARK...
A MALFEASANT MELODY... WHISPERED SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME... BUT WHERE DO I KNOW IT FROM?
VRRRRRRRRR
BLAZES!
ARRGH!
SMASH
EVEN THOUGH HE'S A LEATHER BAG OF BONES, GHOST RIDER'S A PRETTY RESILIENT FELLOW, SO I CHOOSE NOT TO TAKE THE PATH OF SUBTLETY...
OF COURSE...
...I DIDN'T COUNT ON THE FULL TANK OF GAS EITHER.
WHOOPS. I HOPE THAT DOESN'T TICK HIM OFF.
WARDEN! WARDEN?!
NGGHH... GH... LCHH...

I'M SORRY... I'M SORRY... I'M SORRY...
NO...
WHAT'S THIS ABOUT?! WHAT DID FEAR HAVE YOU DO?
ANSWER ME!
VENGEANCE HAS BEEN SERVED, DEVIL --
THE MAN CANNOT ANSWER YOU NOW... HIS VOICE IS LOST TO THE FIRE OF PENANCE.
YOU SELF-RIGHTEOUS -- DID YOU AT LEAST HEAR HIS CONFESSION BEFORE YOU PASSED JUDGMENT?
WHERE IS THE JUSTICE IN THIS?!
SILENCE, DEVIL!
TWICE NOW, YOUR IMPETUOUSNESS AND AUDACITY HAVE DERAILED MY WILL --
-- TWICE YOU HAVE INTERRUPTED ME, BOTH IN WORD AND DEED...
...BUT NOW... YOU WILL LISTEN!


HIS VOICE... INSIDE MY HEAD... CAN'T... MOVE...
VENGEANCE HAS BEEN SERVED... BUT NOT IN THE WAY I HAD INTENDED...
I WAS ATTRACTED TO THIS MAN BECAUSE OF FORCES AT WORK FAR BEYOND YOUR KEN, DAREDEVIL --
-- AND IN YOUR ZEAL FOR SO-CALLED "JUSTICE," YOU PREVENTED ME FROM LEARNING THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MURDERER YOU SEEK WHEN YOU INTERRUPTED THE PENANCE STARE.
HIS FINGERS... HIS FINGERS ARE IN MY MIND!
WHAT HAS BEEN UNLEASHED IS AN EVIL UNLIKE ANY YOU HAVE FACED.
THE VERY WORST HUMANITY HAS TO OFFER.
COLD... WHAT'S HE SAYING? I CAN ONLY HEAR... COLD...
I HAD HOPED TO PREVENT THE SPILLING OF MORE INNOCENT BLOOD, BUT FOR NOW, I WILL HAVE TO WAIT... BECAUSE OF YOU.
THIS DOES NOT PLEASE ME.
AND WE'RE LIVE AGAIN, IN THREE... TWO...
KNOCK 'EM DEAD, ANGEL...
ONE.
SO KNOW THIS, DEVIL... WHAT COMES IN THE MONTHS AHEAD...
...IS YOUR...
...RESPONSIBILITY...
...ALONE.
COLD...
...


ALRIGHT, NIGHT-DWELLERS... WE'VE PAID THE BILLS, WE CAN AFFORD TO STAY ON-AIR FOR ANOTHER COUPLE OF HOURS...
WHAT DO YOU SAY WE TURN DOWN THE LIGHTS AND MAKE TALK BEFORE MOM AND DAD CATCH US?
OKAY, CALLER, YOU'RE ON THE AIR...TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE THINKING...
...
HELLO? IF YOU WANT THE DEAD AIR STATION THAT'S AT THE OTHER END OF THE DIAL --
I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU...YOU HAVE A GOOD HEART.
WELL, THANKS... I --
I CAN'T WAIT TO EAT IT.
KLIK
WHOA. EXCELLENT. FIRST NIGHT BACK ON THE AIR AND ONE OF NYC'S WEIRDEST SNEAKS IN... PATRICK, YOU'RE FIRED.
OKAY, YOU'RE FIRED AGAIN... IT'S LIVE RADIO, KIDS! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIND ENTERTAINMENT LIKE THAT ON MUST SEE TV...
PETER, FROM FOREST HILLS...YOU'RE ON...
KLIK
WE ARE GOING TO HAVE SUCH A GOOD TIME TOGETHER... KAREN...
SUCH A GOOD TIME.
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE